



MARVEL
LIMITED
SERIES
2 OF 3

Fantastic Four[®] **HOUSE OF M**[™]



EATON
+
WHITE

LAYMAN EATON HILLSMAN WHITE

The New Avengers and the Astonishing X-Men met to discuss the fate of Wanda Maximoff, the Scarlet Witch--the daughter of the powerful mutant terrorist Magneto. After losing control of her reality-altering powers and suffering a total nervous breakdown, Wanda unleashed chaos upon the Avengers, killing and injuring many of their number. Magneto intervened and took his daughter to the devastated island-nation of Genosha, where Charles Xavier--Professor X, the founder of the X-Men--was to help her recover. Xavier failed, and now it is up to Wanda's friends and teammates to decide whether she will live or die.

But Magneto, Wanda, and her brother Pietro disappear...

Then the world burns to white. Reality as we knew it is gone...

...to be replaced by a society in which humans are the oppressed minority and mutants run the culture, ruling over all existing countries, religions, and politics. A kingdom united under the House of M.

HOUSE OF M

Victor Von Doom has a life that most people only dream of. He is the leader of Latveria, one of the most powerful and prosperous nations on the planet. He has a beautiful wife, a devoted son, a doting mother, and a legion of loyal servants. He has super-powers, and a family of super-powered enforcers, known as the Fearsome Four, to do his bidding. He has wealth beyond reckoning, and power that is almost absolute.

But it's the "almost" part that Doom can't stand. Despite everything he has, Doom is still under the thumb of Magneto, and the mutant monarchy that rules the world.

Doom has decided that he will no longer live under Magneto's rule. Soon, Doom will claim the throne as his own. The House of M will fall. And in its place, a House of Doom will rise.

Writer
John Layman

Penciler
Scot Eaton

Inker
Don Hillsman II

Colorist
Dean White

Letterer
VC's Cory Petit

Production
Jared Osborn

Assistant Editors
Molly Lazer &
Aubrey Sitterson

Associate Editor
Andy Schmidt

Editor
Stephanie Moore

Supervising Editor
Tom Brevoort

Editor in Chief
Joe Quesada

Publisher
Dan Buckley

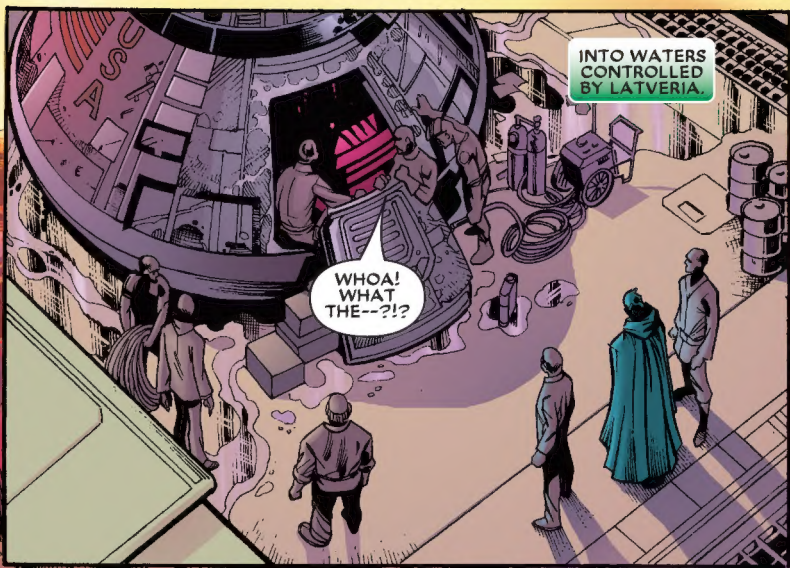
I SUPPOSE THE **ORIGIN**
OF OUR STRANGE
QUARTET STARTS HERE.

WITH A ROCKET
CAPSULE RETURNED
FROM AN ILL-
FATED EXCURSION
INTO SPACE.



INTO WATERS
CONTROLLED
BY LATVERIA.

WHOA!
WHAT
THE--?!?



INTO THE
WAITING
HANDS OF
DOOM.

SHOW
ME.






THE CREW'S CORPSES
WERE **FANTASTICALLY**
ALTERED.

REED RICHARDS,
SUSAN STORM, JOHN
JAMESON. EACH OF
THEM DEAD. EACH OF
THEM **DISFIGURED**.

IT WAS **THAT**
WHICH GAVE
ME THE IDEA.

UGHhhh...



OH, GAWD!
WHAT **IS** THAT
THING?

I DUNNO.
BUT IT'S STILL
ALIVE.

THE
INSPIRATION.



PL-L-LEASE.

K-K-KILL M-ME.



HMMM.



NO, I THINK NOT.



TAKE THE CREATURE BELOW.

I HAVE PLANS FOR IT.

SNAP!

BEN GRIMM.

THE IT.

HE WOULD BE THE FIRST MEMBER OF THE TEAM.

THE OTHERS I
WOULD CREATE...

...USING ANCIENT
SECRETS, FORGOTTEN
ALCHEMY AND THE
DARKEST MAGIKS.

MY WIFE,
VALERIA.

I CHOSE THE TWO
PEOPLE CLOSEST TO
ME FOR THIS HONOR.

MY FAMILY.

AND MY
YOUNG WARD,
KRISTOFF.

I WOULD BE THE
FINAL MEMBER
OF THIS TEAM.

A TEAM WITH THE
COMBINED POWER TO
RULE THE WORLD...

...TO TAKE BACK
THE WORLD...FROM
THE ABOMINATIONS
WHICH HAVE
CLAIMED IT.

WE WOULD
BE FOUR...

...A
**FEARSOME
FOUR...**

...AND WE WOULD
BE UTTERLY
UNSTOPPABLE...

Four the Hard Way

By
John Layman
& Scot Eaton

DON
HILLSMAN II
INKER

DEAN
WHITE
COLORIST

VC'S CORY
PETIT
LETTERER

AUBREY
SITTERSON MOLLY
LAZER
ASSISTANT EDITORS

STEPHANIE
MOORE
EDITOR

TOM
BREVOORT
SUPERV. EDITOR

JOE
QUESADA
EDITOR IN CHIEF

DAN
BUCKLEY
PUBLISHER

...BUT
FOR A SINGLE
IMPEDIMENT.

MAGNETO.

GOOD
AFTERNOON,
LORD DOOM.

AS ALWAYS,
MY FRIEND, I
THANK YOU FOR
YOUR VALUABLE
TIME.

HIS MISTAKE WAS
IMAGINING THAT I
WAS THE SERVANT...

DOOM, LET ME GET
RIGHT TO THE POINT.
I AM LOOKING FOR
A FAVOR.

YOU HAVE DONE A
COMMENDABLE JOB
KEEPING LATVERIA
AT THE FOREFRONT
OF SCIENTIFIC AND
TECHNOLOGICAL
ADVANCEMENT.

AND, AFTER ALL,
THIS IS ONE OF THE
PRIMARY REASONS
I KEEP YOU--

...AND HE WAS
THE MASTER.

~AHM.~

THAT IS TO SAY...THIS IS WHY
I TAKE SUCH CARE TO KEEP ON
YOUR GOOD SIDE, LORD DOOM.

YOU ARE SUCH AN
INDISPENSABLE...

IT WAS *THEN* I MADE
THE VOW, MAGNETO WOULD
BE DEAD BY SUNDOWN.

...ALLY.

BUT THE
QUESTION
REMAINED...
HOW?

YES,
LORD
MAGNUS.

AND THEN, THE
FOOL HANDED ME
THE SOLUTION.

I KNOW YOU HAVE BEEN INVOLVED
IN EXTRA-DIMENSIONAL RESEARCH.
I'M HOPING YOU MIGHT DIRECT ME
TO SOME OTHERWORLDLY PLANE
THAT MIGHT BE SUITABLE FOR
INCARCERATION OF SOME OF MY
ENEMIES.

AS YOU KNOW, THERE
HAS BEEN SOME SCATTERED
RESISTANCE TO THE
HOUSE OF M. AND THERE ARE
SOME AMONG THIS
INSURGENCY THAT I WOULD
SEE SAFELY CONTAINED.

IT WOULD
BE ALMOST
TOO EASY.

ENEMIES!?! IF
YOU HAVE ENEMIES,
YOU MUST *SMITE* THEM.
ONE DOES NOT SUFFER
AN OPPONENT
TO LIVE.

ONE ATTACKS!
FAST, AND WITHOUT
MERCY. THAT IS THE
WAY OF POWER. THAT
IS THE WAY OF
DOOM!

UNDERSTOOD,
LORD DOOM. HOWEVER,
IN MY OPINION, SOMETIMES
IT IS MORE PRUDENT TO ALLOW
ADVERSARIES TO LIVE. AND
SOME ENEMIES ARE SIMPLY
TOO VALUABLE TO
KILL.

SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO ABOUT
FINDING A SUITABLE HOLDING
DIMENSION, WOULD YOU,
PLEASE?

SHALL WE
SAY, END OF
THE WEEK?

ABSOLUTELY,
MY LORD.

IN FACT,
I WOULD NOT
BE SURPRISED IF
IT WAS END OF
THE DAY.



IT WILL GO EASIER IF YOU DO NOT SOUIRM SO MUCH THIS TIME.



WEZRRR
YEAARGH

YOUR GRACE. EXCELLENT NEWS!

WE'VE MANAGED TO EXTRACT SEVERAL SAMPLES FROM THE DEEPEST LEVEL OF THE IT'S SILICA-DERMA. I EXPECT A FULL ANALYSIS WILL YIELD A WEALTH OF INFORMATION ON THE PROPERTIES OF COSMIC RAYS.

AFTER THAT, REVERSING, OR EVEN ENHANCING THE EFFECTS, SHOULD JUST BE A MATTER OF TI--

IT CAN WAIT. I HAVE NEED OF THE CREATURE.



OOOOHHH.

GET UP, YOU.

SIRE, I'M NOT SURE THE BRUTE SHOULD BE WALKING AROUND JUST YET. THE PROCEDURE IS QUITE PAINFUL.

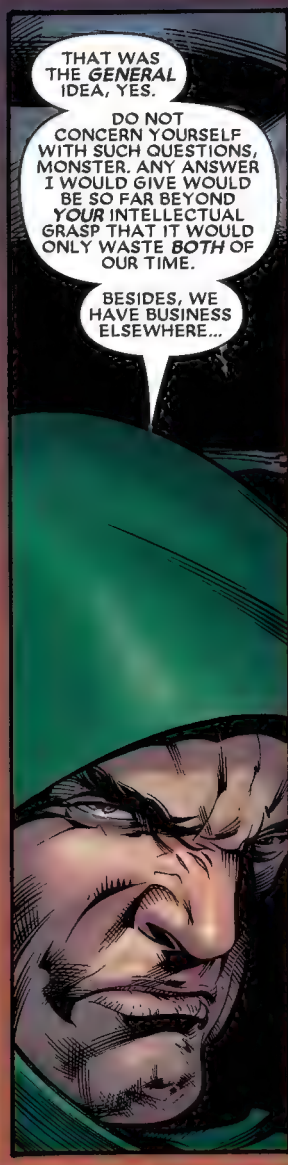
NONSENSE. THE IT SERVES MY WILL, YOU FEEL FINE, DON'T YOU?



THESE TESTS...

...YOU FIND...WAY TO...

...CHANGE... MY FORM?



THAT WAS THE **GENERAL** IDEA, YES.

DO NOT CONCERN YOURSELF WITH SUCH QUESTIONS, MONSTER. ANY ANSWER I WOULD GIVE WOULD BE SO FAR BEYOND **YOUR** INTELLECTUAL GRASP THAT IT WOULD ONLY WASTE **BOTH** OF OUR TIME.

BESIDES, WE HAVE BUSINESS ELSEWHERE...



...THE **EXTRADIMENSIONAL TRANSPORTER** AWAITS.



GOOD MORNING, FATHER.
KRISTOFF VON DOOM, REPORTING FOR DUTY!



VICTOR, THIS IS UNEXPECTED. WHY HAVE YOU CALLED FOR US? IS SOMETHING WRONG?

QUITE THE OPPOSITE, MY DEAR.

SOON... WE WILL MAKE THINGS RIGHT.



THE E.D.T. COORDINATES ARE TUNED TO YOUR EXACT SPECIFICATIONS, YOUR LORDSHIP, DOWN TO THE LAST ATTOHERTZ.

FOR YOUR SAKE, THEY HAD BETTER BE.



PROCEED.

ZZZZNNNNN

NNNNNNZZZZ





DID YOU
REALLY THINK
YOU HAD A CHANCE,
YOU MANGY
CREATURES...

...AGAINST
THE INVINCIBLE
WOMAN...

...OR THE
IT?

KA-BOOM!

AND I'M
TOLD THE INHUMAN
TORCH AIN'T TOO
SHABBY WHEN IT COMES
TO LIGHTING UP A
ROOM...

...OR
RAZING A
WEIRD ALIEN
VILLAGE.



OF COURSE, MY LORD.

SURE THING, FATHER. BUT ONE QUESTION--

--WHO ARE THESE PEOPLE? MORE INSURGENTS? POTENTIAL ALIEN INVADERS? ENEMIES OF THE STATE?

ENOUGH!
FINISH THIS.

TARGET PRACTICE.
NOTHING MORE.



HOWEVER,
WE *DID* NEED TO CLEAR
SOME SPACE... TO PREPARE
OUR BATTLEGROUND--
THE ARENA OF OUR
TRIUMPH.

THIS IS
THE PLACE.
IT IS *THIS*
DIMENSION
THAT IS
THE KEY.

THIS IS THE
OUTERMOST
PLANE THAT
THE EXTRA-
DIMENSIONAL
TRANSPORTER
HAS BEEN ABLE
TO ACCESS.
REALITY IS THIN
HERE, LIKE AIR
AT THE TOP OF A
MOUNTAIN. ITS
BOUNDARIES
ARE WEAK.

IN A PLACE
SUCH AS THIS,
MY SORCERY IS
IMPOSSIBLY
STRONG.

THE LAWS
OF SCIENCE WE
TAKE TO BE *ABSOLUTE*
IN OUR REALITY ARE
DIMINISHED...
FLEXIBLE.

WHAT,
LIKE
GRAVITY?

WELL, YES,
BUT IN *THIS* INSTANCE, I
AM MUCH MORE CONCERNED
WITH AN ALTOGETHER
DIFFERENT BRANCH OF
PHYSICS...

...ELECTRO-
MAGNETICS.



I BROUGHT
YOU HERE FOR A
SECOND REASON AS WELL:
I NEEDED A PLACE
THAT WAS REMOTE, ONE I
COULD BE SURE WAS SECURE
FROM HOUSE OF M SPIES
AND PRYING EYES...



...TO OUTLINE
A PLAN TO THE ONLY
PEOPLE ON THIS OR ANY
OTHER WORLD WHOM
I TRUST.



EVERYTHING I'VE DONE, FOR
SOME TIME, HAS BEEN FOR A
SINGLE PURPOSE. EVERY
HUMILIATION I'VE ENDURED,
I'VE TOLERATED WITH
THIS IN MIND.

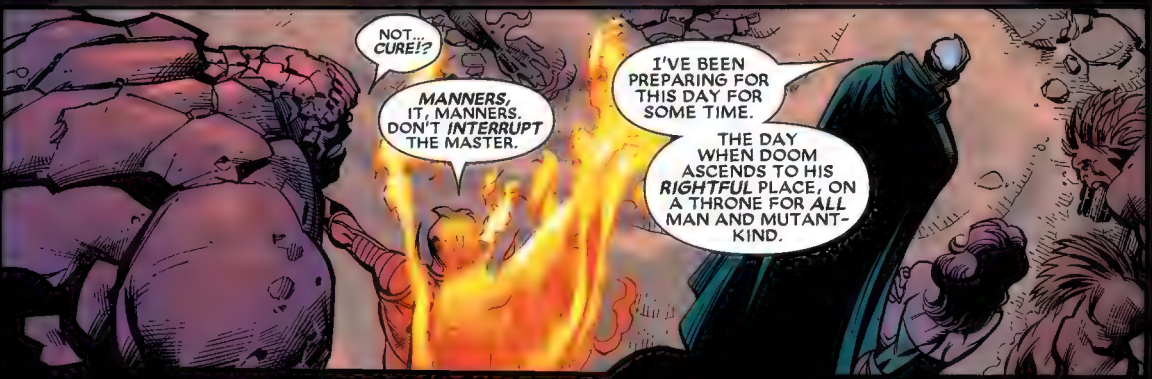
I'VE STUDIED
EVERY KNOWN DISCIPLINE,
IN BOTH THE DARK ARTS AND
SCIENCE, TO BUILD THE
APPROPRIATE WEAPONS, THE
OFFENSES AND DEFENSES WE
NEED FOR OUR TASK.

I'VE EXPLORED
EVERY ANGLE, FROM
PACTS WITH DEMONS TO
NANO-ROBOTICS, EVEN THE
EXPLOITATION OF *COSMIC*
RAYS, IN HOPES WE COULD
FURTHER ENHANCE OUR
BODIES WITH THE MOST
FANTASTIC OF POWERS.



WHA--?
ENHANCE?

QUIET!!



NOT...
CURE!?

MANNERS.
IT, MANNERS.
DON'T INTERRUPT
THE MASTER.

I'VE BEEN
PREPARING FOR
THIS DAY FOR
SOME TIME.

THE DAY
WHEN DOOM
ASCENDS TO HIS
RIGHTFUL PLACE, ON
A THRONE FOR ALL
MAN AND MUTANT-
KIND.

WE MUST STRIKE--*IMMEDIATELY*--WHILE WE STILL HAVE THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE.

WE SHALL BRING DOWN THE HOUSE OF M, THE *ENTIRE* ROYAL FAMILY. TAKE ON OUR ENEMIES IN A PLACE FAR AWAY FROM THE *UNFAIR ADVANTAGE* OF THEIR MUTANT ARMIES AND ROBOTIC STOOGES.

AND, THEN, YOU WILL BE THE FIRST FAMILY OF THE GLORIOUS HOUSE OF DOOM, WHICH WILL RISE UP IN ITS STEAD.

I AM WITH YOU, MY HUSBAND.

AS AM I, FATHER.

S'MATTER OF FACT, I ALWAYS WONDERED WHY YOU DIDN'T PLAN SOMETHING LIKE THIS SOONER.

I-I W-W-W...

YES, YES. OF COURSE YOU ARE.

NOW COME ALONG. AND LISTEN CAREFULLY...

ATER, BACK IN LATVERIA...

YOU LOOK TROUBLED, MY SON.

MOTHER, WHAT ARE YOU **DOING** OUT HERE? YOU'LL CATCH COLD!

NONSENSE. I AM FINE... WHILE YOU ARE CLEARLY **BOTHERED** BY SOMETHING.

ARE YOU FINALLY WEARY OF PLAYING LACKEY FOR THAT GHASTLY MUTANT, MAGNETO?

YES, MOTHER, I AM. AND I AM TAKING ACTION TO ENSURE DOOM SERVES NO MAN--OR MUTANT--EVER AGAIN.

EVEN SO, I CANNOT HELP BUT WONDER...

WHAT IS IT, CHILD? **SPEAK.**

LOOK AT THEM. UTTERLY DEVOTED, EACH AND EVERY ONE. THEY LOVE ME, UNCONDITIONALLY. THEY OBEY ME, WITHOUT QUESTION.

THERE IS **NOTHING** IS WOULD NOT DO FOR ME.

MY FAMILY. MY KINGDOM. ALL MY POWER. ALL MY RICHES. WHEN YOU CONSIDER IT, I AM A VERY LUCKY MAN.

I WONDER...

SHOULDN'T THIS BE ENOUGH?



STOP THIS
FOOLISH TALK AT
ONCE! YOU ARE A
DOOM.

YOU ARE ROYAL
BLOOD. YOU SERVE
NO MAN, AND CERTAINLY
NO MUTANT. THAT IS
THE WAY IT IS TO BE.

NOW, YOU PUT
THOSE DOUBTS
ASIDE. YOU GO TO
MAGNETO AND YOU
DO EXACTLY WHAT
YOUR MOTHER
SAYS...

"...KILL
THE SCUM."

MAGNETO!



LORD DOOM, THIS IS
INDEED A SURPRISE. I DID
NOT EXPECT TO SEE YOU
SO SOON.

MY LORD MAGNUS,
I AM CONFIDENT YOU
WILL FIND I AM FULL OF
SURPRISES TODAY.





LADY VALERIA, YOU'RE LOOKING MAGNIFICENT, AS EVER.

YOUR EXCELLENCY.

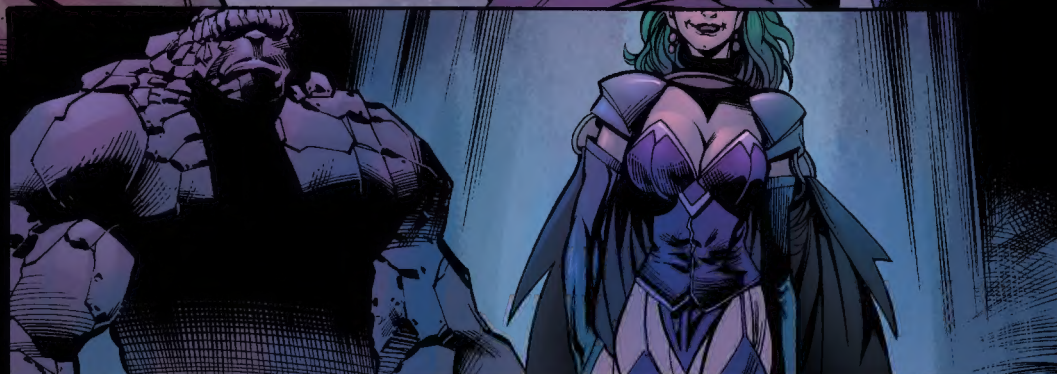
PRINCE.

PRINCE.



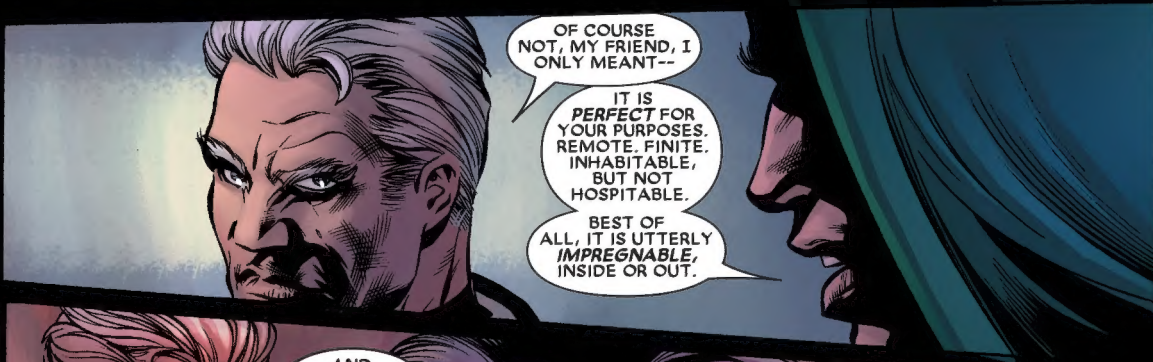
YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE ME, PIETRO. I DO NOT LIKE THESE AWFUL PEOPLE.

BESIDES, THAT--UGH--THING... GIVES ME THE CREEPS.



IS YOUR EXTRA-DIMENSIONAL RESEARCH COMPLETE? AM I TO UNDERSTAND YOU HAVE ALREADY FOUND A SUITABLE PLANE TO SERVE AS MY PENITENTIARY?

BUT OF COURSE I DID, MAGNUS. I AM DOOM. DID YOU DOUBT ME?



OF COURSE
NOT, MY FRIEND, I
ONLY MEANT--

IT IS
PERFECT FOR
YOUR PURPOSES.
REMOTE. FINITE.
INHABITABLE,
BUT NOT
HOSPITABLE.

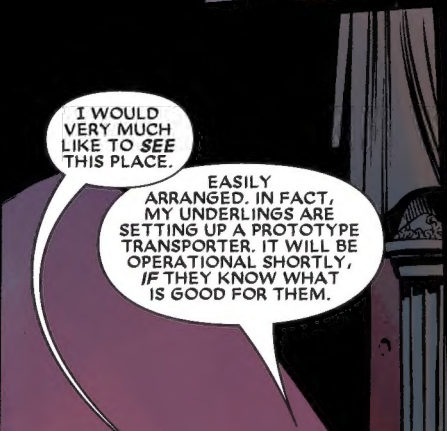
BEST OF
ALL, IT IS UTTERLY
IMPREGNABLE,
INSIDE OR OUT.



AND
IT IS NOT
INHABITED?

NOT
ANYMORE IT
ISN'T.

~CHUCKLE~



I WOULD
VERY MUCH
LIKE TO **SEE**
THIS PLACE.

EASILY
ARRANGED. IN FACT,
MY UNDERLINGS ARE
SETTING UP A PROTOTYPE
TRANSPORTER. IT WILL BE
OPERATIONAL SHORTLY,
IF THEY KNOW WHAT
IS GOOD FOR THEM.



FATHER,
MAY I HAVE
A WORD WITH
YOU?



QUICKSILVER
SUSPECTS.



BE QUIET,
CHILD.



FATHER,
I DO NOT *TRUST*
DOOM. THIS COULD
BE A *TRAP*.

OF
COURSE IT
COULD,
PIETRO.

DOOM IS TREACHEROUS,
BUT DO YOU REALLY
THINK HIM SUICIDAL?

HIS LITTLE BAND
OF CIRCUS FREAKS IS
NO MATCH FOR US.
AND MANY OF THE MEN
OPERATING HIS
TELEPORTATION
MACHINE ARE ACTUALLY
MY MEN, AND HAVE
BEEN FOR SOME
TIME.

BESIDES,
WHAT CHANCE HAS
A *HUMAN* WITH THE
POWER TO TURN
HIMSELF TO *LIQUID*
METAL...

"...AGAINST THE
WORLD'S FORE-
MOST MUTANT
MASTER OF
MAGNETISM?"

COME,
DOOM. I
AM LOOKING
FORWARD
TO THIS.

OH, AS AM
I, MAGNUS. AS
AM I.

TRANSPORTER
OPERATIONAL AND
ONLINE, SIRE.



SHALL
WE?

OH, MOST
CERTAINLY, LORD
MAGNETO...



...AFTER
YOU.

 **EXT ISSUE: SHOWDOWN!**